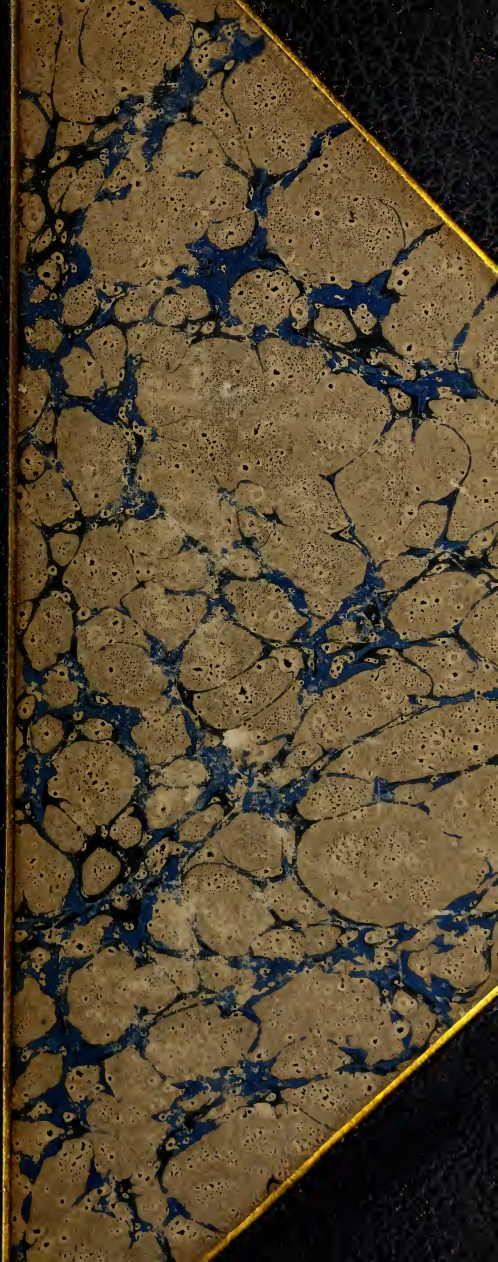

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THE

Travels & Adventures

OF

WILL^M. LITHGOW,

IN

EUROPE, ASIA, & AFRICA,

DURING

NINETEEN YEARS.

FALKIRK:
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1819.

THE

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES

OF

WILLIAM LITHGOW.

THE ſufferings and perigrinations of this Scotſman, who far out-walked the late famous Coryate, "ſeem," ſays Mr. Granger, "to raiſe him almoſt to the rank of a martyr, and a hero." His book being very ſcarce, and little known, a ſhort abridgment may be acceptable; in which we ſhall, in general, omit his deſcriptions, and inſert only his adventures. After making two voyages to the Orkney and Shetland iſlands, and walking all over Germany, Bohemia, Switzerland, and the Low Countries, our author viſited Paris, where he reſided ten months.

From thence, on March 7th 1609, he ſet out on foot for Italy, and in forty days, paſſing through Savoy, and over the Alps, arrived at Rome. There probably being too free and unguarded in his ſpeech and not obſerving the advice given to Milton by Sir Henry Wotton, *I penſieri ſtretti, ed il viſo ſciolto;* after a ſtay of twenty-eight days, he could not have eſcaped the "blood-ſucking

inquiſitors," moſt of whom were his own countrymen, had it not been for the aſſiſtance of Robert Meggat, a Scotsman alſo, then reſident in *Burgo di Roma* with the old Earl of Tyrone, who concealed him three days at the top of his lord's palace, and on the fourth, at midnight, when all the ſtreets and gates were watched for him, conveyed him away, and leaped the wall with him. He then viſited Naples, Virgil's tomb, &c. Having walked four times from one end of Italy to the other, viz. from Valleſe, the firſt town in Piedmont, to Cape Blancho in Calabria, he affirms it to be 900 Italian miles in length, and in breadth 240, from the Adriatic coaſt to the Riviera of Genoa, by the ſea-ſide, Campagna di Roma, and the duchy of Spoleto, he returned to Loretto. Here he met with a countryman named Mr. James Arthur, whoſe company was moſt acceptabe to him. One day, as they were viewing the image of the Virgin, a luſty young woman, buſy at her beads, overpowered by the heat of the throng, fainted away; at which the women near her exclaimed, that "our bleſſed lady had appeared to her." Immediately ſhe was carried out, and laid on the ſteps that lead from the chapel to the church floor, ſome hundreds more

ſaluting her with "Saint, ſaint, O ever-bleſſed ſaint!" This being Friday, the woman having travelled all night, to ſave the expence of fiſh, had privately eaten a bit of her own cold meat, and drank half a buckale of red wine in a tavern. At laſt ſaid our author, "Brother Arthur, I will go and open that woman's boſom." He did ſo, and raiſing up her head, a flood of *vingarbi*, or ſour wine, ſprung down the alabaſter ſtairs, mixed with lumps of indigeſted meat; at which the people being amazed, from a ſaint ſwore ſhe was a devil; and, had not our travellers carried her in haſte from the church to a tavern, they would doubtleſs have ſtoned her to death. Embarking in a frigate at Ancona, Arthur and Lithgow in three days arrived at Venice, where as ſoon as they landed in St. Mark's Place, perceiving a great crowd of people, and in the midſt of them a large ſmoke, inquiring the cauſe, they were told, that a grey-friar of the Franciſcan order was burning alive at St. Mark's Pillar for debauching fifteen noble nuns, and all within a year. Paſſing forward, they came to the pillar, juſt as half his body and his right arm fell into the fire. This friar was forty-ſix years old, and had been confeſſor of that nunnery of

Sancta Lucia five years. Moſt of theſe nuns were Senators' daughters.—— Fifteen (all pregnant) were ſent home to their fathers' palaces; the lady prioreſs and the reſt were baniſhed forever; the nunnery was razed to the ground; the revenues were given to the poor, and the church converted to an hoſpital. Here our travellers ſeparated, Arthur returning homeward, and Lithgow proceeding to Greece and Aſia; but firſt viſiting Padua, Verona, and Ferrara. At Padua he ſtaid three months, learning Italian of one of his countrymen, Dr. John Wedderburn, an eminent mathematician, who afterwards ſettled in Moravia. At his return to Venice, he embarked in a carmoeſalo for Zara Nova in Dalmatia; but meeting with a violent ſtorm, they were driven for ſhelter into the port of Parenzo, in Iſtria. Thence ſailing by the iſles Briani, the ruins of Pola, the iſles Sangego, Oſero, &c. on the 8th. day they arrived at Zara, where our traveller got a paſſage into a Greek carmoeſalo for Leſina, the largeſt iſland in the Adriatic. He afterwards ſailed ſucceſſively to Raguſa, and the iſland of Corfu. Near the iſland of St. Maure the veſſel was attacted by a Turkiſh galley of Biſerta, from which, after a long and doubtful fight, they

escaped by favour of a storm, and took shelter in Cephalonia, (formerly Ithaca), having seven of the crew killed, and eleven wounded; among the latter our traveller, in his right arm. Over this island he travelled, and on the second day hired a little boat to carry him to Zant, (anciently Zacynthus), twenty-five miles distant, where a Greek surgeon cured his wound. He there embarked in a frigate for Peteraffo, (or Patras), the capital of the Morea, where quitting the sea, he joined a caravan of Greeks bound for Athens, passing through Laconia, and the hilly and (now) barren country of Arcadia, encamping one night in the uninhabited villages of Argos and Mycenæ; and finding, in short, no remains of ancient Greece, but the name. In seven days he arrived at Athens, from whence he took shipping for the isle of Serigo, (of old Cythera), where, during his stay at Capsalo, the captain of that fortress having killed a priest, whom he had found one night in a brothel, the governor of the island deposed and banished him. In the same boat Lithgow also embarked, and sailed to Candia, or Crete. Through this whole island he travelled twice, which no traveller in Christendom had done before. On

ſetting out for Canea, being informed of the danger of robbers, he put his money in exchange, and had ſcarce got twelve miles, when he was beſet by three Greeks and an Italian, who beat him cruelly, robbed him of all his clothes, and ſtripped him naked, adding many threats; till, at length, the Italian perceiving he was a ſtranger, and could not ſpeak the Cretan tongue, aſked him in his own language, where was his money? He replied, he had only 80 *byzantinos*, which ſcarce amounted to eightpence Engliſh. Not crediting theſe words, the robbers ſearched all his clothes and budget, but found nothing except his linen, and recommendatory letters from ſeveral princes, particularly the Doge of Venice, whoſe ſubjects they were: This moved the Italian to compaſſion, and he earneſtly intreated the others to ſave our traveller's life. At length, they reſtored to him his pilgrim's clothes and letters, but kept his blue gown and *byzantinos*, and, as a paſſport, gave him a ſtamped piece of clay, to ſhew to any of their companions, if he met them, the band conſiſting of twenty. Travelling that day thirty-ſeven miles, he reached at night the miſerable village of Pickehorno, where he could find neither meat, drink,

lodging, nor any refreſhment. The Candiots, a barbarous people, throng-ing round him, ſeemed amazed at his wanting both company and their language: A compaſſionate female having privately made him ſigns that his death was concerted, he ſtole away from them in the night, and lay till morning in a cave by the ſea-ſide, hungry and thirſty, and his heart fainting in him.

At ſun-riſing, he quitted his lurking place, and about noon reached Canea, the ſecond city of Crete, anciently Cydon. While he was there, ſix gallies arrived from Venice, in one of which was a young French gentleman, a proteſtant, born in Languedoc, who had been condemned by the ſenate to the gallies for life, for being acceſſary to the death of a young noble Venetian, in a quarrel concerning a courtezan. Having leave from his captain to come on ſhore with a keeper, wearing an iron bolt on his leg, our author commenced an acquaintance with him, and greatly compaſſionating his misfortune, (being at Venice when the accident happened), contrived his eſcape at the hazard of his own life, by means of an old Greek woman, his laundreſs, who ſent him an old gown and a black veil for a diſguſe. Accordingly, Lithgow invited the keep-

er to the tavern, where, with deep draughts of Leatic, he intoxicated this Argus, and left him asleep. Then disburdening his friend of his irons, he clothed him in a female habit, and sent him out of the town, conducted by the Greek woman, and, when past the guard and gate, our traveller followed him with his clothes, and, interchanging them, directed him over the mountains to a Greek convent, where he might be entertained till the Maltese gallies or men of war should touch there, on their way to the Levant.

In his way back, our author was met by two soldiers of his nation, Smith and Hargrave, who were coming to inform him, that the officers of the gallies, and several soldiers, were searching the city and the fields for him. Advising with them how to reach the Julian monastery, St. Salvador, where he lodged, they conducted him in at the eastern (the least frequented) gate of the city, where three other Englishmen (of the garrison) were that day on guard, and with them happened to be eight French soldiers, their friends, who also agreed to escort him. Near his lodgings, four officers and five galley soldiers ran to seize him, when the English and French, drawing their swords, desperately wounded two

of the officers. Mean time, a reinforcement coming from the gallies, Smith, leaving the rest engaged, ran with Lithgow to the monastery. At length, the officers of the garrison relieved their own soldiers, and drove back the others to the gallies. Soon after, the general of the gallies came to the monastery, and examining our traveller concerning the fugitive, he made such a defence that nothing could be proved against him. Nevertheless, he chose to remain in safeguard in the cloister till the gallies were gone. Being disappointed of a passage to the Archipelago, Lithgow resolved to visit the city of Candia; and in his way passed by the famous haven, and through the pleasant valley of Suda, by the city of Rethimos, the labyrinth of Dædalus, and mount Ida; near which, he disproved the assertion of there being no venomous creature in Crete, by killing two serpents and a viper. Being disappointed at Candia, he was forced to return to Canea the same way he went, where, soon after, an English renegado, named Wilson, arrived from Tunis, in his way to Rhodes; and, after some conversation with his countrymen, (the English soldiers), hearing that Lithgow was a Scotsman, he spoke as follows: "My

elder brother, the maſter of a ſhip, was killed at Burntiſland in Scotland, by one Keere; and though he was beheaded, I have long ſince ſworn to be revenged on the firſt Scotſman I ſhould ſee or meet, and therefore I am determined to ſtab this man to-night as he goes home to his lodging;" deſiring their aſſiſtance, which two of them promiſed, but the other three refuſed, meantime, Smith found him at ſupper in a butler's houſe; where, acquainting him with this conſpiracy, he was eſcorted to his lodging by Smith and three Italian ſoldiers, paſſing by the ruffian and his confederates, who, ſeeing his treachery diſcovered, made his eſcape.

Smith having thus moſt eminently ſerved him twice, firſt in freeing him from the danger of galley-ſlavery, and now in ſaving his life, Lithgow reſolved to return the obligation, by diſcharging his debt to the captain, which was only forty-eight ſhillings Sterling, and thereby procuring him his liberty, after having ſerved three captains fifteen years. This our traveller happily accompliſhed, and embarked him for Venice. Lithgow ſtaid in Canea near a month, before he could procure a paſſage for the Archipelago, and at laſt left the monaſtery (he ſays) with regret, as the

four friars, his hosts, gave him frequent and large draughts of malmsey, though often against his will. Every night, too, they forced him to dance with them; but their music was drunkenness, and these beastly swine were every night so drenched, that they had not power to go to their beds, but where they fell, they lay till next morning. In short, during the twenty days of his being there, he never saw any one of them truly sober.

In this island, he travelled on foot about 400 miles, and, after a stay of fifty-eight days, he embarked in a fishing-boat for Milo, one of the Cyclades, distant 100 miles.

From Milo our traveller proceeded to Zephano, another small island, from whence Lucullus first transported marble to Rome; and to Angusa, where he was wind-bound sixteen days, and all that time was never in bed, but lodged on the stones in a little chapel, the Greeks intreating him not to enter their sanctuary, because he was not of their religion; however, as the nights were long and cold, he was forced every night to creep into the midst of it to keep himself warm. From thence he went to Mecano, anciently Delos, the chief of the fifty-four Cyclades, where the

cuſtom ſtill continues of never ſuffering men to die, or children to be born in it; but when the men are ſick, and the woman big-bellied, they are ſent to Rhena, two miles diſtant. Zea, Tino, and Palmoſa, once Patmos, where St. John wrote his Revelation, were the next iſlands which he viſited; and thence ſailing to Nicaria, his veſſel, in ſight of it, was chaced by two Turkiſh galliots into a bay, where, leaving the loaded boat, he and eight more fled to the rocks, from whence they annoyed the Turks with huge ſtones. The maſter and two other old men were taken and made ſlaves, and the boat and goods ſeized. In his way from Nicaria to Sio, they were driven by a ſtorm into a creek, between two rocks, where the ſhore being ſhelfy, and both the anchors coming home, a great lake was made, and ſeven of the crew drowned: The other eleven, juſt before the boat ſunk, by haſty rowing, reached a cave within the mountain; Lithgow diſembarked the laſt, as the reſt had ſworn, if he preſſed to eſcape before they were all in ſafety, they would throw him into the ſea. Nothing was ſaved but his coffer made of reeds, in which he carried his papers and linen, and held it always in his arms. In this cave, which

was 30 paces long, they abode three days without meat and drink, till, on the fourth, the tempeſt ceaſing, ſome fiſhing boats relieved them. Seventeen other boats were caſt away on this coaſt, and not a man ſaved. Through this iſland Lithgow travelled with a thankful heart to Sio the capital, where, paſſing by an old caſtle, he was told that Homer's ſepulchure was ſtill extant there; and being deſirous to ſee it, he deſcended by ſixteen ſteps into a dark cell, and through that to another ſquare room, where he ſaw an ancient tomb, on which were engraven ſome ancient Greek letters, which he could not underſtand. By Mitylene, or Leſbos, he next ſailed in a carmoeſalo to Negropoint (of old Eubœa), and in their way they were chaſed by two Turkiſh galliots into a long creek, where the Turks were deterred from attacting them, by bonfires made by the Greeks for ſix ſucceeding nights; our traveller, as a ſtranger, being expoſed every night to ſtand centinel, in the midſt of froſt and ſnow, on the top of a high promontory, which, however invited his muſe to bewail his toilſome life, his ſolitary wandering, and his long diſtance from his native country.

On the 7th. day, two Venetian gentlemen, who had been ten years banished for murder, came down to see them, with two servants, all well armed; and hearing our traveller's complaints against the Greeks for detaining his budget, and forcing him to endanger his life for their good, they soundly drubbed the master, and forced him to restore Lithgow's things; carrying him within five miles of the town where they then resided, kindly entertaining him ten days, and, at his departure, made him a present of forty gold sequins; the first gift he ever received in all his travels.

From thence he proceeded to Salonica in Macedonia, and then sailing along the Thessalian shore, saw the "two-topped hill" Parnassus, and a little more east, a ruinous village and castle, once the city of Thebes. In three days, from Salonica he arrived at Tenedos, where, meeting with two French merchants of Marseilles bound to Constantinople, he and they resolving to view Troy, hired a janizary for their conductor and guard, and a Greek for their interpretor. Landing there, they saw many relicts of old walls, and many ruined tombs, some of which were pointed out to them as the tombs of

Hector, Ajax, Achilles, Troilus, &c. and alſo thoſe of Hecuba, Creſſida, and other Trojan dames. Credat Judæus! They were ſhown alſo the ruins of King Priam's palace, and where old Anchiſes dwelt. On a piece of a high wall, at the N. E. corner of Troy, our author found three pieces of ruſted money; two of which he afterwards gave to the younger brothers of the duke of Florence, then ſtudying at Pratolina; the third and faireſt, with a large picture on one ſide, he beſtowed, at Aix, in Province, on his countryman Mr. Strachan, then mathematician to the Duke of Guiſe, who had preſented it to his Lord.

" Where the pride of Phrygia ſtood, (ſays our author), it is a moſt delectable plane, abounding now in corns, fruites and delicate wines, and may be called the garden of Natolia; yet not populous, for there are but only five ſcattered villages in all the bounds: The length of Troy hath been, as may be diſcerned by the fundamental walls yet extant, about twenty Italian miles; lying along the ſea-ſide, between the three papers of Ida, and the furtheſt end eaſtward of the river Simois; whoſe breadth all the way hath not out-ſtrip'd

the fields above two miles." This we give as a ſpecimen of his ſtile.

On diſcharging their covenant with the janizary, who was not contented with the former condition, the Frenchman objecting to pay the ſame that Lithgow did, the Turk belaboured them both with a cudgel till the blood ſprang from their heads, and compelled them to double his wages. Such is the extortion of thoſe raſcals, who regard Chriſtians no more than dogs; and it is always beſt for a traveller to content them at firſt, or he will be forced with blows, to pay twice as much. At Seſtos and Abydos, ſo famed for the loves of Hero and Leander, but now called the caſtles of Gallipoli (at preſent the Dardanelles,) they arrived in a ſmall frigate, where, two days after, eighty Chriſtians, ſlaves, having murdered their captain, and the other Turks, and run away with the galley, paſſed the ſtraights at midnight, with little hurt, though the cannon thundered inceſſantly for two hours; and at laſt arrived in the road to Zante. Another galley attempting the ſame the year following: the poor ſlaves, in paſſing, were ſo wounded and galled with the great ſhot, and the galley ready to ſink, that they were forced to run on ſhore;

where, being apprehended, they were miſerably put to death.

Leaving the Frenchmen with a Greek barber, Lithgow embarked in a Turkiſh frigate for Conſtantinople, "a little world, (which he deſcribes as yielding at a diſtance) ſuch an outward ſplendour to the amazed beholder, of goodly churches, ſtately towers, gallant ſteeples, &c. that the world cannot equal it." At his landing, however, he "had a hard welcome;" for on leaving the boat, the maſter ſaying, Adio Chriſtiano, four French regenadoes ſtanding on the quay and hearing theſe words fell deſperately upon him, blaſpheming the name of Jeſus, and throwing him down, beat him cruelly, ſo that had not his friendly Turks leaped out of their boat and relieved him, they would doubtleſs have murdered him. The other infidels ſtanding by, ſaid to him, "Behold what a Saviour thou haſt, when thoſe that were Chriſtians, now turned Mahometans, cannot abide nor regard the name of thy God!" Entering into a Greek lodging, he was much eaſed of his blows, by their anointing him with divers oils, and kindly received and refreſhed gratis, becauſe he had ſuffered ſo much for Chriſt's ſake. Next day he went to pay his duty to Sir

Thomas Glover, the Engliſh ambaſſador, who courteouſly entertained him three months in his houſe.

"A more complete gentleman, (he ſays), he never met with, nor one in whom true worth did more illuſtrate virtue." His mother was a Poliſh lady, who coming from Dantzick to London, was delivered of him at ſea. Afterwards he was brought up at Conſtantinople, and ſpoke and wrote the Sclavonian tongue perfectly; and thence returning to London, he was the firſt ambaſſador ſent there by king James I. after his coming to the crown of England. The duke of Moldavia, being deprived of his principalities by Achmet, was received and chargeably maintained by Sir Thomas, in his houſe, for two years; but his embaſſy being expired, & Sir Paul Pindar being expected in his place, this prince ſtole away from him, turned Turk, and was circumciſed, receiving only, for his dukedom, a palace, and a yearly penſion of 12,000 gold ſequins for life. He owed the ambaſſador about 15 000, half of which, in half a year, he recovered, the other half he was forced to forego.

The winter being expired, Lithgow ſailed in an Engliſh ſhip to Smyrna, and thence to Rhodes, where he ſaw

the remains of the Collossus. and to Limisso, in Cyprus, from whence he went with an interpreter to visit Nicosia, the capital; and, on his return, meeting four Turks, they would have his mule to ride upon, which his interpreter refusing, they pulled him off its back, beat him pitifully, and left him almost dead. His companion fled and escaped; and had not some Greeks accidentally come by and relieved him, he must have perished. He sailed from thence to Tripoli, in Syria, and while he waited there for a caravan to Aleppo, being mindful to visit Babylon, he agreed with three Venetian merchants to go a day's journey to see the cedars of Libanus. Ascending the mountain, their guide mistaking their way amidst an intricate path of the rocks, two of their asses fell over a bank. and broke their necks; and had they not met, by chance, with a Christian Armaronite, they must have been lost among the rocks, heaps of snow, and violent torrents. At the place where the cedars grow, they saw but twenty-four in all; and nine miles westward, there are seventeen more. He was there shewn the tomb of Joshua, all of one stone, seventeen feet long, and was kindly entertained by the Bishop, or Patriarch,

at Eden, and the Amaronites, or Nazaritans, of the other villages.

Returning to Tripoli, he set out with a caravan of Turks for Aleppo, but before his arrival there, the caravan for Babylon, to his great grief, was departed: But, being told that it staid at Beersbacke on Euphrates, on account of some Arabs who way-laid them in the desarts, he hired a janizary and three soldiers to overtake them. But though they had staid, they were gone three days before he got there. Beersbacke is by some supposed to be Padanaram. To Aleppo, therefore, he was forced to return. While he was there, the Bashaw, having the year before revolted against the grand Signior, he sent him a chiaux and janizaries in an embassy, proffering, that if he would acknowledge his rebellion, and for that treason send Achmet his head, his eldest son should inherit his possessions and Bashawship; otherwise the Sultan would come in person, and utterly eraze him and all his from the face of the earth. The messengers met the Bashaw on horseback, accompanied by his two sons and 600 horsemen. Hearing this he dismounted; consulting with his sons and friends, he and they concluded, that it was best for him,

being an old man to die to ſave his race from deſtruction, and preſerve his ſon in his authority and inheritance. This done, he went to prayer; and taking leave of them all, and ſitting down on his knees, the chiaux ſtruck off his head, and put it into a box to carry to Conſtantinople. The corpſe was honourably buried at Aleppo, of which Lithgow was an eye-witneſs. And immediately the chiaux by proclamation, fully inveſted the ſon in his father's lands, offices, &c.

Being diſappointed going with the caravan to Babylon in the autumn, as has been already related, our traveller returned to Aleppo, where he ſtaid till the ſpring, when he joined a caravan of Armenians and Turks, well guarded, bound to Jeruſalem, hiring a mule from a Turk to carry his victuals. Their number was about 600 Armenians, Chriſtian pilgrims, men and women, 600 Turks trafficking for their own buſineſs, 100 ſoldiers, three chiauſes, and ſix janizaries. The confuſion of this multitude he deſcribes as moſt grievous, on account of the extreme heat and ſcarcity of water, and narrow ſtony passages, in which they often fell one over another in great heaps, and the Chriſtians were often

well beaten by the conducting Turks. The owner of his mule was for three days very favourable to him, in order to have a ſhare (he found) of his tobacco, of which he then freely gave him a pound, which he always carried with him, to procure the good-will of the Turks. At his walking, which he often did at dismounting, to ſtretch his legs, that were ſtiffened by a ſtumbling beaſt, they laughed and mocked him, it being their cuſtom, at alighting, to ſit down immediately, and fold their feet under them. On the ninth day they arrived at Damaſcus, and were lodged three days there in a great *khan*, at the grand Signior's expence; a privilege allowed to all ſtrangers who come with a caravan.

On Palm Sunday, in the morning, 1612, the caravan entered Jeruſalem, and at the gate they were all ſearched for arms and ammunition. The Armenians were obliged to deliver up their weapons, and Lithgow's name was written in the clerk's book, that his tribute for the gate, and for ſeeing the ſepulchre, might, before his departure, be paid together. The gates were of iron outwardly, and above each gate was planted brazen cannon.

Taking his leave of his companions, who lodged with their own Patriarch, our author was met and received in the ſtreets by the guardian, and twelve friars, each carrying a lighted wax-candle, and one for him alſo, and ſinging Te Deum all the way to their monaſtery, they greatly rejoicing that a Chriſtian had come from ſuch a far country as Scotland to viſit Jeruſalem. But, when they knew afterwards, that he was no Popiſh Catholic, they ſorely repented of their labour. He found there ten Franks, juſt come from Venice, ſix of them Germans, and alſo good Proteſtants, who were wonderfully pleaſed to hear him flately tell the guardian, that he was no Roman Catholic, nor ever thought to be ſo. After ſtaying ſome days at Jeruſalem, and ſeeing every thing worthy of his notice, he made the beſt of his way to Joppa, where, after ſeeing the remains of the houſe in which Peter fell into a trance, and ſaw heaven opened, he embarked in a ſmall veſſel for Alexandria. He arrived there in ſafety, and ſoon after ſailed for his native country.

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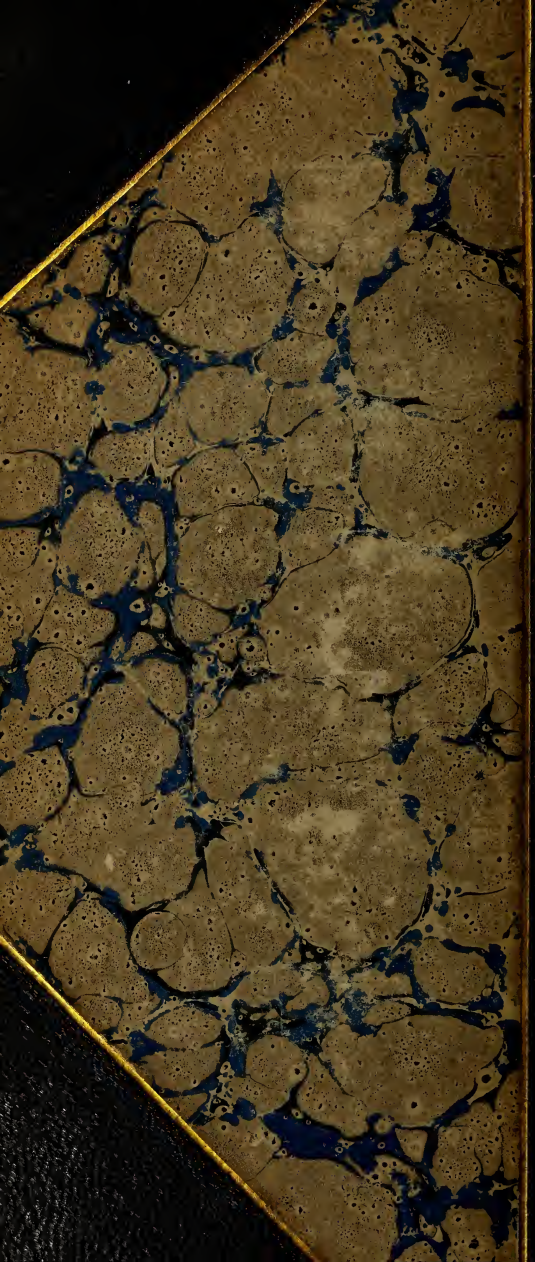
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